

January 3, 1945
At Sea

My darling Little Mama:

"Cheers" as the Australians say. Son John sits on a barrel aboard deck of the dirtiest, slowest ship in the Pacific & with [illegible phrase] sits to write you – I left on my leave Nov. 21st and am still not back yet. We are now at our second part of call. Shall be on our way again tomorrow & arrive at destination in about three days. I may get a plane ride out of here but doubt it. Could have flown from the last port had we remained there a day longer.

I've been reading book after book - many of them westerns – most of them no good. Have read one excellent book) "The [illegible]" You've probably read it – a ghost story its suspense is sustained throughout the story & yet the writing is [illegible] that one doesn't want to hurry through it – also read "Green Mansion" which didn't particularly appeal to me.

After my jaunt in the sun at the last port which I told you about in my last letter I became a little ill – due to the sun I think – headache - chills & slight fever – thought at first it was Malaria as I had skipped a few days of taking [illegible] during my leave – However I felt better the following days & feel no traces of it now – The doctor gave me something

As I write I look out on a dark - & past it to warehouses & farthest away – the immutable hills & greenery Good Lord - all new [illegible] bases look identically alike - the same docks - same buildings - same type of equipment lying around & the same scenery

We are discharging at this port 15 WAAC's who are being evacuated home. I consider them no more than Geisha girls.

I shall close this short letter with the hope of getting it mailed before we pull out

I worship only you

You ever loving son,

John. M. Harrod